THE
Whipper of the
Satyre his pennance
in a white Sheete:

OR,

The Beadles Confutation.

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THE

Whipper of the Sanyre Disputacon

In Twelfe Chapters.

OR,

The Twelfe Conclusion.

TO ALL IVDICIALL CENSVRERS.

BRaue sp'rited Gentles, on whose comely front
The Rose of fauour sits Maiesticall,
I bend the stubborne Atlas of sterne wrath
But for the fau'rits of a bastard quill,
The instrument of a poore Beadles rage:
I greete them with a careles mindes resolue,
Truth feares no touch, nor dreades presumptions scourge;
Proud Tyranny by vsurpation
Cannot depose inuested Vanitie:
Vaile Bonnet then vnto the insulting Tamberlayne;
At least a Monarch: if the Satyrs Whip
He must be carted then, for Pride must mount.
Marry and shall; but weele no Bazon stange
Yes yes at any hand; Ile tell you why,
If all be whist, we shall want company.
Then Pride will faint: Oh haue a care to that,

To all iudiciall Censurers.

For if he ride not in his glorious pompe,
It is no glory: Therefore a Dung-cart Hoe,
To glut the World with greater admiration,
For things of worth feed all mens expectation.
But worthy Readers of my worthles Writ,
As Writers euery ayme to please the Wise,
So my endeuour is to lodge content
Within the closet of iudiciall hartes.
Iudge then aright, and with supposes helpe
Strengthen my imperfection, where Art wantes
Reason shall lend supply: imagin then
You see the Satyrs Whipper in his pride,
Drawne by an Infant of a Satyrist:
Who though he hath receiued many a irke,
Read with what patience he susteynes that yoke:
Put if you finde him out of order tripping,
Dispence with him that's subiect vnto tripping.

The Satyrs whipper

his pennance in a white Sheete.

OR,

The Beadles Confutation.

NOw for a Scourge of Wire to tyranize
On the proud Carkase of poore penurie,
Whose daring *Muse* doth ouer dare peet eies
To gaze vpon her imbecillitie:
Too weake a foe to shun a dettine dainger,
Vnder the habbit of a forraine stranger.

The Whippers Pennance.

Were I a *Satyre*, as no *Satirist*,
A *Poet*, as I cannot poetize:
Or as thou tearm'st an *Epigrammatist*:
Were I *Arts* maister, or could morralize,
I would dare more to him, that dares so much,
Whose thoughts diuine he doth so sharply touch.

O'rwening Beadell, term'd the *Satyr's* Whip,
No maruell though the worldes Inhabitants
Sucke the infectious blood of sinnes sweete lips,
And in such antique shapes so proudly vauntes:
No maruell if it be at such a stay,
When impecunious Asses beare such sway.

The Whippers Penmance.

I meane ſuch Striplinges as perhaps he is,
Who ouertooke in vndertaking Armes,
Armes fram'd of wordes, who with a *Iudas* kiſſe
Doth hugge the world, and with ſweet ſowre alarm's
Doth animate it to perſiſt in ſinne,
And why? becauſe he knowes it loyes therein.

But thou (vaineglorious) who ſo e're thou art,
That would'ſt diſgrace ſuch as anotomize
The times abuſers, and by Wit and Art
Prooue falſhood trueth? How can that ſympathize?
Gainſt thee I write, to thee my Writ commend,
Vnknowne thy foe, though knowen perhaps no (trend.

The whippers Pennance.

Nor ſubtill Wit, nor ſweete tong'd Poetrie,
Nor Art, the glorie of vaineglorious men,
Shall ayde my feeble imbecilitie:
The queſtion is, how to confute thee then?
Reaſon, that in the robes of Sence did ſute mee,
ſayes, mauger *Art* or *Wit* I ſhall confute thee.

And thus I argue, holding argument
Againſt the proud aſpiring inſolent
Apparreld in an imbry veſtament,
As if within obliuions continent:
But ſuch a hiſsing Serpent can not lie
Vnder the ſhadow of obſcuritie.

Thou

The Whippers Pennance:

Thou that ly'ſt lurking in a Buzards ſhape,
(A Fowles ſhape, fitting ſuch a buſie foole)
Thou which doſt after ſome promotion gape,
Clawing the world; come take an humble ſtoole:
Seate thee by mee, do but as I will do,
And thou ſhalt haue a friend; yea, perhaps two.

I hate the world, and yet hate not to bee,
Becauſe I am perforce, euen what I am:
I ſcorne the world, and therefore I ſcorne thee,
That dallies with it as a Curtizan:
But had I faſt loſt oportunitie,
You ſhould be whipt, and nor a Whipper be.

Re-

The Whippers Pennance.

Reuil'ſt thou him that telleth man of ſinne,
Seeming to ſo'ter ſuch as ſinfull be?
Better it were thy Pen at reſt had bin,
Then to vpholde ſuch publique villanies
Should not the worlde be told of ſinne; and why?
Yes maugre *Art* or *Wit*: I ſay you lye.

Doth one amiſſe, or doth the Child offend?
Shall not the Fathers care correct that Child,
Firſt by perſwaſions kindly to amende,
And gentle ſpeeches, words with fauour milde?
Will not this do, and ſhall he ſpare the body
Of that faire Stripling? Go to, you are a noddy.

Had

The Whippers Penance.

Had I a Child (though bearing name of *Will*)
He ſhould not tie that VVill vnto himſelfe:
Selfe-will is nought, tis bad, tis paſſing ill,
Should *Will* in that will ioy, I'de ierke the elfe:
And ſo ſhould'it thy wayward Child, or rather
I with thee liue a foole, then proue a father.

VVhether i'ſt *Art* or *Poetrie* or *Wit*,
Or all, or none; or but thine owne conceit,
That bids mee ſeeing ſinne, not chide with it,
The laſt I hold it rather, ſound retreit;
Be ſtill, be ſtill, twere good you call them in,
Your ſcoutes I meane, that ſo incourrage ſinne.

Not

The Whippers Pennance.

Not tell the world of ſinne? yes that I will,
Though thou with treble prohibition frownest
I ſay tis naught, tis wild, tis worſe then ill,
And ſome will turne it topſie turuie downe,
  And thou thy ſelfe a Worme, as others bee,
  Thou flatter'ſt with the world: ſhall I with thee?

No no, thou art vnwiſe for all thy wit,
For *Reaſon* and true-Iudgment tels me ſo.
Do I amiſſe? how ſhould I know of it,
By hums, or hems, or ſignes? Good Wizard no.
  If I haue ſinne, and know not what it is,
  I may be dam'd, not knowing my amiſſe.

But

But tis reply'd, if we would learne aright
We muſt giue eare vnto the heauenly voyce
Of ſacred Teachers, comforting the ſpright,
Where holy people ſing with dulcet noize:
All this I graunt, and there man may heare much,
But yet his eare of ſinne can brooke no tuch.

If one amongſt a multitude, tis well:
But preethee, canſt thou tell mee which is hee?
The diuine Preacher tells men there is Hell,
And Heauen likewiſe; ther's bliſſe, and miſerie:
Who ſeekes the one? or who doth ſhun the other?
So much is man to ſhune a ſinfull brother.

hoſe

The Whippers Penance.

Those sacred Pastors take exceeding paine
To winne the wicked to a blessed life,
Commanding man from wickednesse refraine,
But still dissention sets vs all at strife:
They may command as God commandeth them
But we will do our wilies: Why? we are men.

But let the Heauens frowne, the Welkin thunder,
Perhaps weele feare a little, and mind our Gods:
Threats may preuaile, & signes may make vs wonder
Yet feare we not, vntill we feele the rod.
Is this our life? then whip each other well,
Better be whipt on Earth, then scourg'd in Hell.

I meete a fellow as the streetes I pace,
That holdes the word of God vnder his arme:
I aske from whence he comes with humble grace
And salutations that pretend no harme:
He answeres me From Paules: Who reeds to day?
A towrd Scholler, but I could not stay.

And why (quoth I) Faith there's no roome, foyes he:
Your reason sir? Are all the places taken?
No, tis his doctrine which vnwelcometh me.
As how? Euen thus: He sayes I am forsaken:
How of the Diuell? shappie matters yours?
No, but of God: yea, and he say's truth sure.

Within this Eearth(and then he ſtrikes his breſt)
I know but onely one poore imperfection:
Which if but nam'd, the namer I deteſt,
The thought whereof,breedes ſuch reiections
For ſince the *Satyriſt* ſo playd on mee,
I can not brooke to heare of letcherie. &c.

Now ſir,to you ſir,that can caſt ſo well,
And haue a tricke in wraſtling for a foyle;
Verboſious ſir, you that with words will quell
Vndaunted ſpirites,you that keepe ſuch coyle,
By turning heeles vp : were you not I pray
At my Lord Maiors wraſtling tother day?

Was

The Whippers Pennance:

VVas it not you that fell the lubber downe,
And gaue the Miller such a clenly fall?
Or was it you lay flatly on the ground,
When cappes flew vp, and men cride, God saue all?
Or were you then at *Cambridge* whē you thought
You could do this and that, and all was nought?

But what, where, when, or who, I care not;
Haue at you sir, and that I stro's faire play:
I giue you warning, and in fayth sir spare not,
To shield your selfe against this first assay.
You stroue gainst many, I onely striue with one,
One single fall (kind sir) and I haue done.

The Whippers Pinnace.

I lay my life I throw you ? bruely sayd?
Nay I will do it, if not done before.
What dares your Worship my resolue vpbraid?
I stand on fitne ground, and haue helpes good store
Part fire and tow, all mercie els is fled,
Stand vp for shame, the toller slips your head.

A Gentleman that had a wayward Foole,
To passe the time, would needes at passi-pin play:
And playing falle, doth flirte the wau'ring stoole,
The Innocent had spi'd him, and cri'd stay,
Play that againe sayd he, you did not win,
And then the foole began to cry for's pin.

Thou

Thou abſurd Aſſe (his Maiſter then replyes)
Muſt you needes whine, & ſtrooke him on the eare:
With that the foole was whiſt, and dry'd his eyes,
And afterwards he durſt not cry for feare:
When he perceiu'd the blowes he got thereby,
The Foole grew wiſe, and did forbeare to cry.

Now cenſure (gentle ſpirits) i'ſt not faire?
Haue I not caſt him cleanly? Iudgement hoe?
Now by my *Muſe*, and ſhee's ſcarce worth a haire,
Was neuer Wiſeman had to kna[illegible] throe,
And by the foole in that lift ouerthrowne,
A foole or no foole, is the Whipper one?

The Whippers Penance.

One ſayes an *Eccho*, from a hollow Cane
Sounded by thoulandes which conceyd as one,
VVno calles a ſeeming honeſt man a knaue,
VVithout he prooue his imperfection?
And when by proofe that ſinfull faule he know,
VVill he not call him friend that told him ſo.

Then friendly *Satyriſt*, to thy Pen againe,
Let not one priuat Nouice terrifie
VVith halting lynes, thy Yron laſting braine,
VVhom ſacred *Truth* doth dayly nutrifie:
But with a brow according to thy hart,
Frowne on the world, and giue it his deſart.

How

The Whippers Pennance.

How many ſoules within this little rownd,
Bleſt with the knowledge of Diuinitie,
And for their zeale vnto the high'ſt renownd
Vnder the ſcepter of Virginitie,
VVho haue a thouſand thouſand ſundry times
Grafted ſweete Grapes vpon vnpleaſant Vines.

And where is one that takes? where may we finde
A hart conuerted from impietie?
Do we not ſwimme in ſinne? Are we not blind,
And howerly bath vs in iniquitie?
And yet for all theſe imperfections,
VVe ſhould be free from all corrections?

The whippers Penance.

No no, ſince kinde perſwaſions will not do,
Sung from the tongue of dulcet pietie,
Let ireful *Fury* whip and ſcourge them to,
Sounding their ſoules perpetuall miſerie:
Hell gapes for ſuch, and ſuch as ſinfull bee/
Muſt take the barret of obſcuritie.

Inſatiate *Pride*, whoſe ſilken ſpangled tyre,
Makes her admired in a vulgar eye,
Her dangling Acates which ſo high aſpire,
As if ſhe were not baſe mortallitie:
Rings every houre her ſoules killing knell,
And ſummons her vnto the court of Hell.

But when a ſinne is ſpoken generall,
Who will aſſume it, and ſay I am ſheet
Yet if a man meete *Pride* maieſticall,
And to her face ſay, Poore proude miſerie,
Vaile Bonnet huſwife, what? I know your name,
Shee'le blush & hide her wanton face for ſhame.

If this will then force reformation,
Why ſhall I feare to ſay a knaue's a knaue?
What ſhall I ſtand in dread of coniuration,
Becauſe *Vnruſſe* hath from his duskie Caue
Sent a leane writhen Beadle all in haſte,
To lay the mantion of the *Satyres* waſte.

The whippers Penuance.

No no, auaunt base Feare, it cannot bee,
Tell him, the *Satyre* may not be depoſd,
So long as *Trueth* ſings his Apologie:
Nor is he of ſo base a mould compoſd,
As to be ſubiect to a ſlight impreſſion,
For a true *Satyre's* guyltles of tranſgreſſion.

If I ſhould ſay, thou wert a buſie Sir,
With a good conſcience canſt thou ſay I lie?
Was neuer Whipper kept ſo great a ſtir,
Hauing ſuch careles ſoules for *Tyrrants*
For were it not a Gentleman's diſgrace,
I'de tearme the Whipper foole vnto his face.

Per-

The Whippers Penance.

Perhaps your wiſedome will a laſh impoſe
Of tell correction, on my tender backe:
Well if you do, you ſhall no labour loſe,
Ile take it well in woorth: but if you lacke,
What ſo you chaunce to lend without requeſt,
I will repay't with double intereſt.

Meane time, good *Sayre* to thy wonted traine,
As yet there are no letes to hinder thee:
Thy touching quill with a ſweete mooning ſtraine,
Sings to the ſoule a bleſſed lullabie:
Thy lines beget a tymerous feare in all,
And that ſame feare deepe thoughts angellicall.

So

The Whippers Repuance:

So that the whylome lewd lasciuious man,
Is now remote from his abhorred life,
And cloathes the dalliance of a Curtezan,
And euery breathing wicked foule at strife:
Contending which shall first begin to mend,
That they may glory in a blessed end.

Droupe then (wise Fooles) and with a blush of shame
Of fine coullor shadow thy pale face:
I know thy thoughts now's high as golden fame:
But *Pride* aspiring, takes with foule disgrace,
Yeeld then (mature) and with patience beare
His gentle penance, as a single sheete on A

FINIS.